

The door of the office slammed. Deers always slammed behind Nancy Nellis, as if imbued by her mere touch with some of her blithe and irresponsible young vigor. She darted over to Dr. Weston, planted a kiss on his cheek, and then, for the purpose of dance steps, and landed with a flying-quirrel effect in the biggest chair.

"Gosh, papa!" protested the doctor. "Don't you know you're an invalid!"

"Tomorrow. Will you dig it up tomorrow?"

"What? The sign? I certainly will." He was surprised at the conviction in his tone.

She chuckled. Not so she had been when she said it.

Princeton to see an acquaintance in the mineralogical department, and had come back rather more excited than he went. In his pocket he brought a small glass bottle which he said much reasons dreaming, picturing its effect set in dull gold and pendant around a slender neck; but somehow it was not the clear pallor of Zaida Tzafney's blonde skin, but a warmer, richer-hued background. He rose like and rather trembled out. It was before him, living over

Gilbert caught her in his arms. He pressed her face against his, his lips to the cruelly bruised spot, cradling her to him. For a moment she closed her eyes as if looking up into them with a startled, wondering, speculative expression. She pushed him away.

"You're a brute and I hate you," she said.

Then young Holton knocked him aside.

All the night was out of him now. The next day he got the New York

"A hundred for that?"

"Anything more?" he asked in a kind of corollary voice.

"N-n-no. Oh, yes, there is. Dentist bill; twenty dollars. You knocked two of my teeth loose. Aren't you sorry?"

"Well, is that the total?"

"You aren't sorry," she decided. Then there's the broken word about the two teeth. That ought to cost you at least a hundred more, just to teach—"

"Look here, Miss Nellie," he broke in.

"When was that?" he demanded.

"Never mind when it was. It isn't now. And it never will be again."

HE bent over the better to see her face. That portion of it visible beneath the hat brim seemed very young and innocent and appealing; disconcertingly so, considering the dirty trick he was about to put over on her.

"Oh?" he guessed. "What's it?"

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life, or should we be satisfied with what we have? The world cannot stand still, though, and as it must move forward or backward, should not our aim be to help it progress?

"The criterion of art is not the school to which an artist belongs, the technique he employed in its development, but whether or not it is the expression of potential life force. We may or may not want a radio apparatus in our home, but the statement that sound waves can be transmitted is a fact."

Sir Joseph Hooker began the "Flora of British India" something over six years ago. One volume of it remains to be finished. Martin's "Flora of Madagascar" is nearly finished, but incomplete, although it is steadily advancing. Cosson, a French botanist, is now completing his "Flora of Algeria."

Practically only two great series of botanical works of the modern period were successfully completed by the original authors, the first by Reichenow, the second by Hooker. The splendid monuments to the men who made them.